

Settling for Silence

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Summary: Tai and Matt voice their "hatred" for each other... I don't like this fic much. Then again, since when do I ever?

Settling for Silence

> <meta name="Author"> Settling For Silence Author's notes: Well, here's one that I hate with a passion. When I stop writing crud, let me know. Oy vey no da.. hmm. Odd, I promised myself I'd never write a positive Taito... ah well. I'm so bad with promises... On with the cheez!

"Settling for Silence"

"You know what, Tai? I hate you."

> The words stung with a pain even worse than being cut ten thousand times over with a razor blade. I could feel it build up inside of me... not just the pain, but the rage that always accompanied it.

 "Yeah?!" I growled in reply. "Well, I hate you too!" It was a weak excuse for a comeback, but from the look on Matt's face it seemed to hit its mark.

> "Go to hell," he muttered, narrowing his eyes. Then he turned and slowly walked away from me, not even bothering to look back.
 "Fine then," I whispered as I watched him go, blinking back the tears that were beginning to form in my eyes. If you hate me, then I'll try to hate you.

That night, as I lay awake gazing up at the stars, I couldn't help but think of it. Matt hadn't spoken to me since that incident this morning. "Yeah, Matt," I whispered to myself. "I hate you. I hate the way you think the only one I care about is myself. I hate the way you're always arguing with me, and I hate the way you always make me argue back. I hate the way your eyes always reflect such a cold look when you glare at me. I hate the way we fight. I hate the way your hair sticks up the way it does. I hate the way you're always so protective of TK, and you never realize I'm the same way about Kari. I hate the way you always act 'too cool', like you think you're better than me, even though I know you don't. I hate the way you

always play that harmonica. I hate the way you never realize that I try as hard as I can to make sure everything turns out okay. I hate the way you cry in front of me, but not when everybody else is around. I hate the way you hurt me without realizing it. I hate the way I can't tell you what I'm really feeling. I hate the fact that you'll never, ever be able to think of me the way I think of you. I hate the way you hate me.... and I hate the way that no matter how much it hurts, I can't hate you."

> "Tai?"
 I nearly jumped out of my skin at the sudden sound of his voice. Wasn't he asleep before? I thought in a rush. Had he heard me? "Matt?" I muttered, quickly sitting up and looking at him. "Did you-"

> "Yeah," he replied, nodding. "I heard."
 I bit my lip, feeling the blush of embarrassment rise in my cheeks. "Oh," I mumbled, looking away. Great, I thought. Just great. He probably thinks I'm an idiot now. I wouldn't put it past him..

There was an awkward silence, neither of us knowing what to say. Then, I heard him speak.

> "Tai.."
 I heard him move closer, until he was sitting next to me. I was still, cold, unable to move.

> "Tai," he said again, sighing slightly. He sounded different.. slightly frustrated, maybe. "Why didn't you tell me?"
 "Tell you what?" I snarled, hoping I could shut him up. I didn't like the direction this conversation seemed to be heading. Not at all.

> "About all that stuff you hate about me," he said simply.
 "I.. don't know."

> Another awkward silence. Then..
 "Tai? You know what I hate about you?"

> "What?" I muttered, glaring at him. Here it comes...
 "I hate the way you think I'm so cold. I hate the fact that you're so stubborn, and never see things from my angle. I hate the way we fight. I hate the fact that you have hair bigger than Tokyo. I hate the way that you never realize that I have the group's best interest in mind too. I hate the way you always seem to think of yourself, even though you don't. I hate your goggles. I hate the fact that you hate me.." he paused for breath, and swallowed. "And I hate the fact that I can't hate you at all."

I stared at him, and he stared back. His last words were running over and over in my mind... He said he doesn't hate me, I thought. He said he CAN'T hate me. Maybe...

> I swallowed hard, hoping my words would come out right. "Matt... did you ever feel frustrated, like no matter what you do, no matter what you say it just isn't good enough? You feel kind of... lost?"
 He nodded. "All the time. Like I'm lost and I'll never be found. Like I'm always wrong. Like what I think doesn't matter."

> It does matter, I thought. "You're wrong. It matters." I swallowed hard, and looked away from him. "I'm sorry," I said, voice barely over a whisper.
 "For what?"

> "For being such a jerk. For making you think I hate you. It isn't like that... it really isn't.. but I just.." I bit my tongue to keep myself from saying anything more. Shut up, I thought to myself, the voice in the back of my mind screaming for silence. Shut up, shut up, shut up.
 Silence. Then..

> "I know it isn't like that, Tai. I know you can't help fighting me... 'cause, well, I can't help fighting you. It's automatic, and even though I don't want to.. I can't help it." He trailed off, sighing.
 I was quiet for a moment, thinking. "Matt?" I said, looking at him.

> "Yeah?"
 "I.." My throat was suddenly dry. I swallowed, then
tried again. "I guess... if you don't argue with me, I won't argue
with you. Deal?" Smooth, I thought, wishing I could kick myself.
Really smooth.
> Matt smiled and nodded. "Deal," he said. "No more fights." <p>

We just sat there talking as the night wore on. I felt as if a great
weight had been lifted from my shoulders.. and even though we didn't
come out and say it, he knew it and I knew it. Maybe someday we'll
actually voice what we're really thinking... Heck, maybe someday the
others will know... but until then, I'll settle for silence.
> <p>

End
file.